



# THE POETS' MAGAZINE.

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## THE MARBLE STATUE.

*"Marco, perchè non mi parti?"*—MICHAEL ANGELO.

A SCULPTOR sat within his chamber, lonely,  
His gaze intent upon the fitful flame;  
His heart possessed by one idea only,  
Which sank within it like a graven name,  
Which sank and sank until it reached the core,  
As if to hold possession evermore.

For he had drawn his lifetime's line of duty  
Far, far beyond the world out into space:  
His whole desire, the lines of perfect beauty  
About his chiselled marble block to trace:  
To fashion with his spirit's ardent fire,  
What men should wonder at and gods admire.

And close beside him stood the wondrous figure  
On which his brightest genius had been spent,  
From early days of fresh and youthful vigour,  
Till now with toil he prematurely bent;  
Yet ardently he gazed upon the fire,  
As though in anxious quest of something higher.

"In all my dreams," he cried, "I see the treasure  
That I must fix upon my peerless frame;  
But as my breast gives one sweet bound of pleasure,  
It passes from me, as this fitful flame  
Springs, soars and breaks, and from its glowing bed  
Takes one high leap, and is for ever fled.

"Yet can it be that all perfection died  
When he, the unknown, yielded up his breath?  
Could he not have one greater effort tried  
That should have ever held his name from death?  
I will not yield to such uncertain fame  
As holds my work, but fails to hold my name.

"This wondrous thing, long buried in the earth,  
Burst forth at length to gladden all men's eyes;  
But he who gave the bright conception birth  
In dark obscurity for ever lies,  
That none can now his name or country tell:  
Then be it mine his wonders to excel.

"Then shall, while yet the marble holds its place,  
Men gaze and say, ho! this was done by him,  
The faultless features of the matchless face  
The fair proportion of each rounded limb.  
This sculptor's name must, must for ever last  
Since such perfection cannot be surpassed."

And journeys long and toilsome had he made,  
From west to east, from north to sunny south;  
O'er hill and mountain had he fondly strayed,  
And mighty rivers traced from source to mouth;  
Still hungry with desire for unfound grace,  
With which to clothe his wondrous figure's face.  
But all in vain! though by the sunny rills  
Of olive Italy his footsteps roved;  
Though high he climbs Helvetia's snow clad hills,  
Or treads old Grecia's scenes so dearly loved;  
Alas! on snow clad hill, or classic plain,  
He sought the charm, but sought the charm in vain.

Before each master he devoutly stood,  
Before each shrine so dear to sons of art;  
Sought hidden gems within some sombre wood,  
Scanned ev'ry face upon the busy mart;  
Yet still was wanting to his ardent mind  
The charm he sought, but vainly sought to find.

The hand, the foot, the rounded limb were there,  
In all the wealth the fondest soul could prize ;  
The cheek, the lip, the bosom wond'rous fair,  
"But where " he cried, "where shall I find the eyes ?  
Could I but make my marble statue see,  
Then ! then were immortality for me !

"Could I a moment fix the orbs of light  
That pass me as I press my fruitless way.  
But whether beaming dark, or softly light,  
E'en as I fondly hope to make them stay,  
They quit my path, and are for ever gone,  
And still my lovely dream has eyes of stone.

"She seems to breathe when I but touch her lip,  
Her cheek I dimple, and behold her smile !  
Fair Venus' doves might nestle on her hip,  
Nor deem her but their mistress all the while,  
The forward ground seems waiting for her tread,  
Her eyes—her eyes alone—her eyes are dead."

At length with soul depressed, his footsteps tend  
To that dear shore where his bright beauty stands—  
There where the sweetest, softest beauties blend,  
To England, dearest, kindest, best of lands—  
"There," sighing, said he, "can it not be found,  
'Tis vain henceforth to search the world around."

Thus heartsick, footsore, weary, wan and pale,  
He seeks at eventide his cheerless room,  
And from his lov'd one tears the shelt'ring veil,  
Alas ! 'tis but a statue in the gloom !  
Fairer than aught he e'er could hope to seek,  
But yet her orbs they would not, could not speak.

"Oh ! fond one !" cries he, then, "couldst thou but gaze  
For one short moment on me where I stand !  
Not all the gems on monarchs' brows that blaze,  
Not all the treasures of the widest land  
Could weigh one atom when compared with thee,  
Nor earth's whole wealth obtain my prize of me.

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Not all the gems on monarchs' brows that blaze,  
Not all the treasures of the widest land  
Could weigh one atom when compared with thee,  
Nor earth's whole wealth obtain my prize of me.

“Yet why ! Thy hands are white and smooth, and fair,  
Excelling those of e'en the fairest dames ;  
Thy limbs so round and curved are full as rare  
As aught that danced through Eleusinian games ;  
If thus I form hands, bosom, lips and cheek,  
Why may I mould thee not with eyes that speak ?”

Then sat the sculptor in his chamber lonely,  
His heart consuming with this deep desire ;  
His brain still brooding o'er this dark thought only,  
Grew hot and quivered like the quiv'ring fire,  
At length he started in the silent gloom,  
And paced with frenzied steps the sombre room.

“I will entice,” he cried, “with all my gold,  
All those whose beauty underlies their need ;  
That I their varied charms may here behold,  
And thus transfer the glance with lightning speed,  
And on my lov'd one fix without delay  
What when once hers can never fade away.”

Then from his coffers brought he forth his store,  
And proclamation made through all the land  
That they who had of beauty less or more,  
And need of wealth should in his presence stand ;  
Whose charms, beside the wealth to them secured  
Of immortality would be assured.

Then came unto his chamber many a maiden,  
To lend her beauty for the price of bread ;  
Some dusky bright with purple tresses laden,  
Some softly fair with lustrous golden head ;  
But still the sculptor gazed and answer'd nay,  
And gave them gold, and sent them each away.

At length upon one soft and dewy eve,  
Ere sank the sun behind the western hills,  
At such a time when poets fain believe  
Some charmèd influence from heaven distils,  
There came a maiden to his chamber door  
As he almost despaired of seeing more.

The crimson sunlight pierced the shaded room  
Like burning beams from some celestial cell;  
And statues, half in gold and half in gloom,  
Appeared like mortals held beneath a spell;  
Here glowing faces, faces dull and pale,  
Seemed like enchantment in a fairy tale.

And heads and limbs, all scatter'd on the ground,  
Some deathly pallid, some though bathed in blood  
A nameless sense of horror spread around;  
And where the sculptor's weird-like easel stood,  
Appeared the chamber of some dread machine,  
With wheels and executioner unseen.

The sculptor, shaded in a deep recess,  
Engulphed in thought scarce he himself could tell,  
Like impersonified unholiness  
Appeared the dark familiar of the cell:  
The maiden entered with the golden head,  
And instantly the doubts and horrors fled.

"I come" she said, "because that I am poor,  
And have, 'tis said, some share of loveliness."  
She seemed an angel on the chequer'd floor,  
But yet an angel melted with distress,  
As though she mourned the fate of some lost soul,  
Yet strove to keep her sorrow 'neath control.

She stands with drooping eyes and folded hands,  
The almost level sunbeams meet her now,  
And bathe her head in glory where she stands,  
Like some pale saint with nimbus on her brow.  
With hollow voice the dreamy sculptor cries,  
"Look, maiden up, and let me see thine eyes."

The maiden thus conjured exalts her head,  
And wistfully looks through the antique pane,  
"Move not! move not!" the sculptor rashly said;  
The maiden started, "Fiends! 'tis gone again  
'Tis gone! 'tis gone! oh! how my brain doth burn,  
'Tis gone! 'tis gone! and never will return!"

"'Tis ever thus! yet have I never seen  
A glance so near the vision that I hold:  
Go, maiden, go!" he said and then between  
Her fingers interlaced, he pressed his gold;  
But with a sigh away the maiden turned,  
"I may not touch," she cried, "what is not earned."

A smile, sardonic half and half of pain  
O'erspread his features as the maid withdrew;  
And simply saying "Come to me again:"  
He turned to his beloved work anew;  
"And must it be," he cried, "that all my thought,  
My care, my toil, must end for thee in nought!"

Withdrawing thence the baffled artist threw  
His weary length upon his pallet bed;  
And pressing with his fingers all from view,  
Flung back in agony his burning head;  
As though in deep despair his spirit groaned,  
He moaned and moaned, and still for ever moaned.  
And ever twixt his moans his guideless tongue  
Gave utterance to incoherent things;  
Now was he fair Italia's groves among,  
Now was he sipping at Athenian springs;  
No matter where his spirit took its part  
Still dwelt it on the glories of his art.

Still rushed he forward for that boundless fame  
For which he panted even unto death;  
Now heard he millions dwelling on his name  
As one who gave a clay built image breath:  
"This! this was he," his own fond country cries,  
Who first brought life into a statue's eyes.

Then all is blank—a cloud sinks on his soul,  
And still he cries, but knows not what he means.  
His brain is 'neath delirium's control,  
His thoughts a chaos of unbridled dreams:  
Till wearied with combat of his powers  
He sinks to sleep, nor knows of passing hours.



There is an hour that ushers in the morn,  
Which seems the offspring sweet of balm and peace,  
When all the night-throes that the heart has borne  
By holy heavenly influences cease;  
An hour which folds the weary soul to rest  
Upon the blushing morning's downy breast.

At this soft hour the weary artist slept,  
A smile of tenderness shed o'er his face;  
At this soft hour a watchful angel wept,  
Who all night long had kept her constant place;  
For she, the maiden with the golden hair,  
Still came at eve, and morning found her there.

And then the sculptor op'd his wond'ring eyes,  
And gazed upon the maiden at his side,  
Who, struggling with the warfare of her sighs,  
Swept off the tears she vainly strove to hide:  
"Be calm," she cried, "nor tempt thy fate again,  
Long hast thou lain in anguish and in pain."

Then said he, "Where am I, and who art thou  
That ministers unto a broken heart?  
Whose is the hand that bathes my burning brow,  
And whose the voice that bids my woes depart?"  
"Alas," she said, "I am a maiden poor,  
Who sought by thy command thy chamber door."

Then turned she to a window in the east,  
Where roseate hues of morning found their way;  
And gazed as though sat sorrow in her breast;  
"'Tis there!" he cried, "but no, it will not stay!"  
"'Tis there! 'tis what?" the trembling maiden said,  
"Nay, look not thus, nor press thy burning head,  
"If there be aught that I may seek for thee,  
Pray let me straightway set about the task;  
That thou wilt place thy trust in simple me,  
Is all the favour at thy hands I ask;  
Let what thou cravest by my hands be sought,  
It shall with utmost speed to thee be brought."

"That which I sought was here but is no more ;  
That which I seek thou canst not understand ;  
For years my yearning soul has pondered o'er  
A charm yet vainly sought in ev'ry land ;  
That, once obtainèd will confer on me,  
The boundless wealth of immortality.

"Now listen, for methinks I can discern  
Some trace of early culture in thine eye—  
And if thou knowest not, from me mayst learn,  
There liv'd a youth, with aspirations high,  
Who sought to kindle into throbbing life  
A lovely image, fashioned with his knife.

"He dwelt where woman's loveliness excelled,  
Upon an island in a sunny sea ;  
And soon as he his handiwork beheld  
He straight conceived such throes of ecstasy,  
That to the Gods he offered up a prayer,  
That they would animate the breathless fair.

"Or truth or fable scarce 'tis understood,  
Love's queen, 'tis said, his fond entreaties heard ;  
And lo ! e'en where the lustrous image stood  
Upon the ivory she life conferred ;  
And thus endowed with living, heaving charms,  
The youth as wife embraced her in his arms."

"I see not," said the maid, "how this may be,  
Since life can be bestowed by only One ;  
If such a dream be entertained by thee,  
Ah, then, alas ! I fear thou art undone ;  
Yield up the hope to give thy statue life,  
Or press her to thy bosom as thy wife."

"Now saints forbid !" the fervent sculptor cried,  
Such impious thought ne'er enter'd in my breast ;  
My dearest efforts have alone been tried  
To make my work of such fair works the best :  
I seek alone where else perfection lies,  
To bring perfection to my statue's eyes.

"One glance of scorn, or hate, or joy, or love,  
Could I but fix, then would I seek no more;  
But think myself all human aims above,  
And sculpture every passion o'er and o'er;  
But each succeeding effort proves in vain,  
And pricks my punctured heart with deeper pain."

When thus the maid—"Alas! methinks, unless  
Like that fam'd youth thou mak'st thine image live,  
Not e'en the height of sculptur'd loveliness  
One soft emotion through its orbs can give;  
They are the spirit's windows, meant to tell  
Or if the spirit meaneth good or ill.

"Then since thou never can'st infuse with life  
Thine image, howsoever fair it be,  
Why wilt thou still continue in a strife  
Which must but end in sore defeat to thee?  
Pursue thy course with cheerfulness, and show  
How near Thy great Creator thou can'st go.

"But shouldst thou seek to take into thy hand  
The mystic powers that are his alone,  
Not only will thine idol'd image stand,  
But thine own heart be turned into stone;  
Oh! let the day I passed thy chamber door  
Bring back thy peace and happiness once more."

The sculptor leant his head upon his hand,  
And on the maiden bent an earnest watch;  
"Ah! maid," said he, "thou mak'st me understand  
It is the spirit I have tried to catch!  
What madness! surely born of me alone  
To try to turn immortal soul to stone!

"Henceforth will I resign the fruitless quest,  
And yield myself up truly to mine art;  
Here after all my vigils will I rest,  
And ne'er on the impious pilgrimage depart;  
But yet as men are ever born to crave,  
I fain a seeing, breathing work would have.

"And thou, dear maiden, who hast caused the gloom,  
 Pass from my soul, say, wilt thou linger here?  
 To spread thy light throughout this sombre room,  
 And with thy presence all my future cheer;  
 Thou, who hast given the weary artist life,  
 Say wilt thou guard it, wilt thou be his wife?"

The sculptor blithely sings and plies his skill,  
 And fondly gazes on the wife beside him;  
 And as he hews his marble to his will,  
 She coyly glances up as though to chide him;  
 "Hast fixed the soul?" all playfully she cries,  
 "Yes fixed, and fixed for ever—in thine eyes."

THOS. W. LEE SMITH.

#### ANGELA.

SHE is resting, blest for ever, where her treasure long was stored,  
 In the many, many mansions that were open'd for her Lord;  
 He will count thee mid His jewels, and His crown is on thy brow,  
 Thou art with the Angels, Angela, thou'rt with the Angels now.

*Echo.* With the Angels now.

She is sleeping blest in Jesus, and her spirit wings its flight,  
 Through His everlasting mercy to His everlasting light;  
 Of the glorious Church triumphant, thou hast joined the star-  
 like band,

Thou art with the Angels, Angela, and in the Angels land.

*Echo.* In the Angels land.

Now thy tears are turned to gladness, and thy sorrows past away;  
 Floating cloudlets in the dawning of the Resurrection Day,  
 In the glory our Redeemer is preparing for the blest,  
 Thou art with the Angels, Angela, and in the Angels rest.

*Echo.* In the Angels rest.

For He knew thee, and He loved Thee, and He took thee for  
 His own,

In the radiance of the rainbow that is shining o'er the Throne,  
 Thou art with Him, whom thy spirit has in life and death adored;  
 Thou art with the Angels, Angela, and with the Angels Lord.

*Echo (very distant).* With the Angels Lord.

EDIRA.



## THE POETS OF AMERICA.

## II.—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

I now come to a poet of a totally different character, but one equally entitled to our regard. Bryant is the poet of reflection and not of emotion. Writing some time ago, I described him as the Wordsworth of America, doing for that country what the great poet of *The Excursion* has done for England. He is not so great in his conceptions, but he is more even in his execution. He has probably written fewer lines of a mediocre character than any other poet, not even excepting living English singers. He has had a distinct sphere to fill, that of the descriptive poet of America, and he has filled it with unqualified success. Our only regret is that for so long a life as Bryant's so little remains in quantity. Commencing to write more than half a century ago, one volume of not very large dimensions contains all his poetical works. This reticence would be a just and praiseworthy thing in many writers, whose prolific assiduity is only equalled by the blankness of their thought, but in the case of one manifestly invested with Nature's best gifts it is matter for the world's regret.

William Cullen Bryant passed some time ago the allotted span of human life, three score and ten, having been born at Cummington, Massachusetts, on the third of November, 1797. When but a youth his literary talent attracted attention, and in him the adage has been falsified that the spark of genius quickly burns itself out. At the age of eighteen he was called to the bar, and shortly afterwards he wrote one of his finest poems, "Thanatopsis." This was succeeded by "The Ages," his longest poem. His literary life becoming too strong in its attractions, he gave up his practice at the bar, and on removing to New York in 1825, he established a newspaper and review. This venture not proving successful, he became editor of the *New York Evening Post*, and with this journal his name has ever since been associated. There is a strong vein of satire in Bryant's nature, and he has on many occasions been successful in lashing various forms of formality and hypocrisy. He combines in him two minds—that of the poet and that of the able journalist, a rare combination. James Russell Lowell, another remarkable Transatlantic poet, in describing Bryant, says:—

He's a Cowper condensed, with no craziness bitten,  
And the advantage that Wordsworth before him has written ;  
If I call him an iceberg I don't mean to say,  
There is nothing in that which is grand in its way ;  
He is almost the one of your poets that knows,  
How much grace, strength, and dignity lie in repose ;  
If he sometimes fall short he is too wise to mar  
His thought's modest fulness by going too far ;  
'Twould be well if your authors should all make a trial  
Of what virtue there is in severe self-denial,  
And measure their writings by Hesiod's staff,  
Which teaches that all has less value than half.

So long ago as the year 1838, one of the ablest critical reviews in England said of the work then published by Mr. Bryant—"The verses of Mr. Bryant (the best of the American poets) come as assuredly from the well of English undefiled as the finer compositions of Mr. Wordsworth ; indeed, the resemblance between the two living authors might justify a much more invidious parallel. It is quite idle to set up for America the benefit of a young language ; she does not require it. She can stand upon her own ground even now ; and it may be that if we pursue our rivalry, we may (in some classes of literature) have in course of time no such overwhelming cause for congratulation." One of his own nation, Washington Irving, thus added to this justly deserved tribute—"Bryant's writings transport us into the depths of the solemn primeval forest, to the shores of the lonely lake, to the banks of the wild nameless stream, or the brow of the rocky upland, rising like a promontory from amidst a wide ocean of foliage, while they shed around us the glories of a climate fierce in its extremes, but splendid in its vicissitudes." Also, in writing upon the poet and his works in *Blackwood*, Professor Wilson remarked—"His poetry overflows with natural religion—with what Wordsworth calls 'the religion of the woods.' This reverent awe of the Invisible pervades the verses entitled 'Thanatopsis,' and 'First Hymn,' imparting to them a sweet solemnity which must affect all thinking hearts." These varied but felicitous phrases exactly express the character of Bryant's genius, respecting which, indeed, there can be little difference of opinion. In the eyes of the critics, its leading features must appear the same. Grandeur, sweetness, purity, calmness, are all found in perfection in this writer's poetry.

Yet, popular as he is, his popularity is circumscribed when compared with that of Longfellow. Bryant is a poet destined to grow in favour, just as he is a poet who satisfies maturer years, as well as those of a strong and impulsive youth. There is that in him which repays study, and is worth digging out. His best treasures do not always lie upon the surface. Flushed with all the changes which agitate the bosom of nature, there is yet a strange sense of calmness and power underlying all. Not once, but many times may he be read, and always with increasing profit and delight.

Adopting the Spenserian metre, Bryant accomplished the feat of writing his longest poem, "The Ages," shortly after he had attained the age of twenty years. I have quoted an instance of precocity in Longfellow, but this is even more remarkable in that the thoughts which form the ground work of the poem are of a loftier type. "The Ages" fails in this respect alone, that the canvas upon which the author works is not large enough for the subject. Adequately to work out his conception he needed an enquiry as protracted as some of the greater epics of other poets. The work, however, is full of hope in itself, and promise for the writer, who takes a survey of the existence of the world, and builds from the past a theory of progressive perfection for the future. In any case the subject is one that betokens much boldness in a mere youth to grapple with. The following stanza will sufficiently demonstrate the spirit and merit of the whole :—

When to the common rest, that crowns our days,  
 Called in the noon of life, the good man goes,  
 Or full of years, and ripe in wisdom, lays  
 His silver temples in their last repose ;  
 When o'er the buds of youth the death-wind blows,  
 And blights the fairest ; when our bitter tears  
 Stream, as the eyes of those that love us close  
 We think on what they were, with many fears,  
 Lest goodness die with them, and leave the coming years.

\* \* \* \* \*

Look on this beautiful world, and read the truth  
 In her fair page ; see every season brings  
 New change to her, of everlasting youth ;  
 Still the green soil with joyous living things  
 Swarms ; the wide air is full of joyous wings ;  
 And myriads still are happy in the sleep  
 Of Ocean's azure gulfs, and where he flings  
 The restless surge. Eternal Love doth keep  
 In his complacent arms, the earth, the air, the deep.



Will then the Merciful One, who stamped our race  
 With His own image, and who gave them sway  
 O'er earth, and the glad dwellers on her face,  
 Now that our swarming nation's far away  
 Are spread, where'er the moist earth drinks the day,  
 Forget the ancient care that taught and nursed  
 His latest offspring? Will he quench the ray  
 Infused by his own forming smile at first,  
 And leave a work so fair all blighted and accursed first?

Oh, no! a thousand cheerful omens give  
 Hope of yet happier days, whose dawn is nigh;  
 He who has tamed the elements shall not live  
 The slave of his own passions; he whose eye  
 Unwinds the eternal dances of the sky,  
 And in the abyss of brightness dares to span  
 The sun's broad circle, rising yet more high,  
 In God's magnificent works his will shall scan;  
 And Love and Peace shall make their paradise with man.

"Thanatopsis" is, however, unquestionably Bryant's finest poem. The great tomb of man is its subject, and the verse is saturated with a fine melancholy. It is but a fragment, yet it shows unusual power over blank verse, a form of his art of which Bryant has given us but too few specimens. The poet refers to the universality of death in the following lofty strain:—

The golden sun,  
 The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
 Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
 That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings  
 Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,  
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,  
 Save his own dashings—yet, the dead are there;  
 And millions in those solitudes, since first  
 The flight of years began, have laid them down  
 In their last sleep; the dead reign there alone—  
 So shalt thou rest—and what if thou withdraw  
 Unheeded by the living, and no friend  
 Take note of thy departure! All that breathe  
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
 Plod on, and each one as before will chase  
 His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave  
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,  
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men—  
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes



In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,  
And the sweet babe, and the grey-headed man—  
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,  
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

The ultimate victory over death is not touched upon by the poet, but the concluding lines of the whole adjure men to meet the fatal stroke with brave hearts :—

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, that moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustain'd and soothed,  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

The power with which Nature speaks to the poet is manifest in the "Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood." The world is full of guilt and misery, but all this may be banished from the memory for a time by sweet commune with the pure spirit of nature. Equal to "Thanatopsis" in strength and sublimity is the "Forest Hymn." Bryant is peculiarly fond of the grand and the majestic. The mountains, the trees, the ocean, all speak to him with a sublime voice. He reminds us that the groves are God's first temples, and then pours forth an elegant description of the forest, and the lessons it is calculated to impress upon the beholder. Perhaps the best lines in his hymn upon the forest are these :—

Father, thy hand,  
Hath reared these venerable columns ; thou  
Did'st weave this verdant roof ; thou did'st look down  
Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose  
All these fair ranks of trees. They in thy sun  
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,  
And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,  
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died  
Among their branches, till at last they stood,  
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,  
Fit shrine for him, the worshipper, to hold  
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,  
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride  
Report not,—no fantastic carvings show,  
The boast of our vain race to change the form  
Of thy fair works. But thou art here—thou fillest  
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds,  
That run along the summit of these trees,

In music ; thou art in the cooler breath,  
 That from the inmost darkness of the place  
 Comes, scarcely felt ; the barky trunks, the ground,  
 The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.  
 Here is continual worship ; nature, here,  
 In the tranquillity that thou dost love,  
 Enjoys thy presence.

The reverential spirit is always prominent in Bryant. Wherever he is ; whether in the deep shades or on the radiant mountain height, he perceives the Power that made and sustains all. The mighty oak and the little flower which nestles by its mighty roots alike teach him the same omnipresent lesson of the constant supervision and loving care of the Deity. The sceptical spirit has no place in this poet, who is thoroughly imbued with faith in the Unseen, and who has an unshaken confidence that he will bring all his works to perfection. His heart is awed within him at the perpetual mystery of Creation which goes on everywhere around him ; man and nature decay, but both are ever being renewed. The individual passes away but the type remains. In closing his reflections in the forest he gives utterance to the following invocation :—

Oh God ! when thou  
 Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire  
 The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill  
 With all the waters of the firmament  
 The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods  
 And drowns the villages : when, at thy call,  
 Uprises the great deep, and throws himself  
 Upon the Continent, and overwhelms  
 Its cities—who forgets not, at the sight  
 Of these tremendous tokens of thy power  
 His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by ?  
 Oh ! from these sterner aspects of thy face  
 Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath  
 Of the unchained elements to teach,  
 Who rules them ? Be it ours to meditate  
 In the calm shades thy milder majesty,  
 And to the beautiful order of thy works,  
 Learn to conform the order of our lives.

Much of the poetry of Bryant has references to scenery which can scarcely be appreciated in England, where the face of nature wears such a different aspect from the boundless prairies and trackless woods of America. But in his "Hymn of the City" and other poems, besides those which have been already referred

to, he speaks as the poet of mankind, and can be thoroughly understood. I have hitherto said nothing of Bryant's lyrical poems, and it is in the lyrical faculty after all that he finds his choicest field. The difference between his lyrics and those of Longfellow is as different and as marked as between their lengthier works. Both impart their own nature and their predilections into the efforts of their muse. The same intense love of nature still animates Bryant, and the same emotional and moral fervour Longfellow. The former is more polished in his lyrical utterances: indeed, he has written one or two poems which are equal to the lyrics of any living poet; but he does not invariably write at the same elevation. But what lyric of its kind is more exquisite than that addressed to a Water Fowl:—

Whither, midst flying dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
For, through their very depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink,  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power, whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—  
The desert and illimitable air,—  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end:  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows: reeds shall bend  
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heav'n  
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart  
Deeper hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.



The gleam of hope for man in the last verse is one that frequently accompanies the lyrics of Bryant. We shall find at the close of his stanzas hailing the advent of March—stanzas which have been repeatedly quoted as perhaps the best amongst poetic descriptions of this season of the year. Bleak and stormy though the month may be, it always reminds the poet of the more clement season of which it is the harbinger. Hear him how he welcomes the rough visitor :—

The stormy March is come at last,  
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies ;  
I hear the rushing of the blast  
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah ! passing few are they who speak,  
Wild stormy month ! in praise of thee ;  
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,  
Thou art a welcome month to me

For thou to northern lands again  
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,  
And thou hast joined the gentle train,  
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And in thy reign of blast and storm  
Smiles many a long bright, sunny day,  
When the changed winds are soft and warm,  
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills  
And the full springs from frost set free,  
That, brightly leaping down the hills,  
Are just set out to meet the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides  
Of wintry storms the sullen threat ;  
But in thy sternest frown abides  
A look of kindly promise yet,

Thou bringst the hope of those calm skies,  
And that soft time of sunny showers  
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,  
Seems for a brighter world than ours.

The poet, however, is not without his melancholy moods ; indeed, we could scarcely dignify any writer by the name of poet who did not know how to be sad. The poet has a gift of tears, as well as one of gladness and rejoicing. Sometimes the finest, truest notes are those which are wrung from the soul in the moments of its keenest anguish. All poets worthy of the name should be able to



point to seasons and times when the emotional nature in them has been deeply touched. As we have just seen Bryant at the opening of the year, full of joyousness and satisfaction with re-awakening Nature, let us now see him towards the year's close, as he thus mourns, in lines of exquisite beauty, "The Death of the Flowers"—

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.  
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;  
They rustle to the eddying dust, and to the rabbit's tread.  
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,  
And from the wood top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang  
and stood

In brighter light, and softer airs, and beauteous sisterhood?  
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers  
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.  
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain  
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.  
The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,  
And the brier rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;  
But on the hill the golden rod, and the aster in the wood.  
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in Autumn beauty stood,  
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague  
on men,  
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade, and  
glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their wintery home;  
When the sound of dropping notes is heard, though all the trees  
are still,

And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,  
The south wind searches for the flowers, whose fragrance late he bore,  
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,  
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side:  
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,  
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;  
Yet not, unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,  
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

The stanzas will be sufficient to attest Bryant's power over the pathetic chords. In order further to prove his versatility, I had intended to quote from several of his songs. But I must leave them for the perusal of the reader. The song of "Marion and his Men" has become a household word in America, and there are others by this poet which have attained a popularity little short of that. Snatches of his lyrics have been quoted over and over again

upon the public platforms, frequently in ignorance of their origin. I wonder, for instance, how many orators have been aware that these four well-known and striking lines are from one of Bryant's later poems, "The Battle Field."

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,  
The eternal years of God are her's ;  
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,  
And dies among his worshippers.

Bryant, then, as will be gathered from what has already been said, I regard as one of the most natural poets of America. His gift of song is true and independent. Though he may remind us of Wordsworth in the character of his genius, he is not a slavish imitator of the greater poet. Indeed, Bryant is a poet of strong local colouring, and many of the aspects under which he views nature belong only to the clime in which he was reared. Besides this quality of indigenous genius, which may be described as his nationality, the most striking features in his poems are their purity and tenderness. This purity not only includes all freedom from grossness in his utterances, but a purity of language—choice-ness and fastidiousness of expression, together with a simplicity rarely witnessed. As regards his tenderness, with the strength and thought of a man is combined a perfectly child-like sweetness which permeates all his works. He is more widely known in America than in England, for the reason that his compatriots better know how much in him there is to love and to admire. But we on this side the Atlantic can with sincerity pay him the compliment of affirming that his own country has not yet produced a worthier singer, or one more distinctly imbued with the true poetic spirit.

GEORGE BARNETT SMITH.

#### A FRIENDLY GREETING.

WHAT shall I send thee as a friendly greeting,

O friend, so well beloved, so justly dear ?

The words my longing soul in aye repeating :

"Would thou wert here, Oh! would that thou wert here!"

Soft on the air the Vesper bell is ringing,

To me it echoes back the self-same strain,

The burden of the song my soul keeps singing :

"Come back to home and friends and me again!"

AGNES R. HOWELL.

## STREWN ASHES.

BY ALFRED HARBLON.

## PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XXIV.

## I.

THE earth, and her peoples, and lands, from the sands to the  
bounds of the ocean,

These are a tribute and tithe of the God and the Lord who is  
man ;

## II.

From the flittering foam of the sea that surges in monotone  
motion,

On the floods that have fostered the ages, he rose where the  
breezes foreran.

## III.

Who shall ascend to the mountain whose summit is glad with  
His glory ?

Who shall arise in His temple, or kneel in His holiest place ?

## IV.

He who is seen before all without blemish or blur in His story,  
Placing no lingering lie on His lips with a laugh on His face.

## V.

He shall be chosen, and crowned with the light of the love of  
the nations,

Robed with the red-wreathing robe, that is pure as the deep-  
liest sea.

## VI.

These be the multitude race, the mighty unbound generations,  
Leaving the caves of the Present, O Future, to bow unto thee.

## VII.

Lift up your heads, O ye cloud-covered gates, ere ye pass and  
ye perish !

Lift up your shame-stricken heads, and the king of glory  
shall pass !

## VIII.

Who is the king of our glory, the monarch we worship and  
cherish ?

Man who is strong as a wind, which scatters the seed of the  
grass.



## IX.

Lift up your heads, O ye doors, break forth from the mists  
which surround you!

Lift up your heads to the height where the lichens of ages  
lie dead!

## X.

Who is this Monarch of men whose sun-shriven raylets have  
found you?

Man who has cast off the chains bowing His glorious head.

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FLOWER GATHERING.

Two merry children in a meadow see,  
With faces all aglow with childhood's glee—  
While finding fragrant flowerets here and there  
To weave into a chaplet fresh and fair :  
Till of the sweet wild flowers they gaily make  
A garden to reward the pains they take.  
So 'tis methinks amid life's tedious toil,  
And sordid strife and harassing turmoil ;  
As surely as we seek, we pleasures find,  
Which bring kind Hope to cheer each mournful mind :  
And our attempts to seize them oft repay  
By showering blessings on our weary way.

H. T. MACKENZIE BELL.

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O MAIDEN CEASE REPINING.

O MAIDEN cease repining,  
For he who holds thy heart,  
Vows by the stars now shining,  
He never will depart.  
Oh dry thy drooping lashes,  
And send forth once again,  
Those tender melting flashes,  
The sunshine after rain.  
So fear not gentle maiden,  
For thou hast made me thine;  
With ecstasy o'erladen,  
I too can call thee mine.

H. KNIGHT.

## THE FLAME FLAG.

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MAIDEN and monarch enthroned in thy glory,  
Queen of the Future grown glorious and fair,  
Raise up thy gonfalon ruddy and gory,  
Shatter the shame of thy fetter and snare;  
Come at the call of the numberless nations,  
Armed with their trust and afire with their fame,  
Forgive, ah! forgive us our piteous prostrations,  
Gather and shelter us now with thy name.

Queen of our freedom, our queen without throning,  
Raise the red flag from thy turrets and towers,  
Now we will follow and serve thee, atoning  
With sword and in service for mis-spent hours;  
Call us to follow thee, call us to raise to thee,  
Anthem and song in the ears of the night,  
Shall we not offer our offering of praise to thee.  
Crown thee and garland thee, here in the light?

How shall we welcome thee? how shall we sing to thee?  
How shall we call thee to come and set free?  
Where shall we find thee, and whither bring to thee?  
The soft sighing breath that is heard on the sea;  
Passion is dead to us, glory has fled from us,  
Fly to us, succour us, conqueror of kings,  
Then shall we rise again, mighty and glorious,  
Under the gold of thy glistening wings.

Raise the red flag: let it flutter and hover  
Over the brow of the queenliest maid,  
Warning the winds as they ripple above her,  
Braving the blast of the keen cannonade:  
Time has grown faint, and the gods are beholden  
To their priests that they live in the memories of men,  
Now that our flag is unfurled and unfolden,  
Sunspring shall carry them out of our ken.

Raise the red flag : monarchs palen and tremble  
In the shade that is shed from its fire-flaken folds,  
Peoples and nations beneath it assemble,  
Beneath the far freedom the banner upholds :  
Seize on the breeze that blows in from the ocean,  
Fire it with freedom flame-fashioned, and then  
Loosen the reigns that have fettered its motion,  
And send forth our call to the children of men.

Raise the red flag : in the keen winter weather,  
When the rime frost has bitten the breath of the wind,  
That gathers in gusts upon mountain and heather,  
When the sun into mist-land has slowly declined :  
The fire-flowered hue of our type and our banner,  
In the ice-bounden earth yet more fully shall glow,  
And our fair maiden queen, and the emblems that fan her,  
Shall breathe of the South in the countries of snow.

Raise the red flag : though the battle breeze thunders,  
Though the carnage of contests encumbers the earth,  
Though the life binds a chain that the death surely sunders,  
We have freedom begotten and pledged in thy birth.  
Shoulder with shoulder, no halt or surrender,  
No rest from the field till our birth-right be won ;  
We have sworn in the past to uphold and defend her,  
She shall revive in the rays of the sun.

Times without number she fainted and faded,  
Worn with the toils and the triumphs of strife,  
All men against her, unhelped and unaided,  
Fighting for liberty, fighting for life ;  
Out from the darkness she rallied and beckoned us,  
Forth to the fire-flag she bade us again,  
Callen and chosen, she counted and reckoned us,  
Maidenly queen without blemish or stain.

Deep and more deep glows the star of our standard,  
Dyed and imbued from our heartliest veins :  
Press forward ! Press forward ! more men to the vanguard !  
Our queen is a queen while a warrior remains ;



The white shall be stained, and the crescent be clouded,  
The lilies and rose in the autumn be shed;  
The emblems of nations shall then be o'ershrouded  
By the flag of the people, the banner of red.

Guard ye our flag, it is sacred and shapen  
By the hands of old warriors who fell for the right,  
Who lie in the breast of their mother, and drapen  
With the fire of their fame that they fed in the night.  
Hark! through the day-spring their voices are ringing,  
They shall re-live in the buckler and sword;  
Shall we grow faint in our praises and singing,  
When the harps of our fathers are heard by the ford?

Fathers, O fathers! gone down to the mother,  
Folded and nurtured in tombs of the earth—  
Witness ye now—this is she and no other,  
The queen whom ye followed in summer and dearth:  
Rally once more ere the battle be over,  
Stand with our ranks when the battle is won;  
Ye who have died for her, watch her and love her,  
Now is the day of her glory begun.

Come to us loved one—the morning is breaking,  
The dawn gathers high upon mountain and vale;  
Lives have grown old for thee, hearts have been aching,  
Greeting and gathering sounds on the gale.  
Waiting awhile till thy cornfields be golden,  
Our sickles are ready, and bared and made keen,  
We pray for thy grace to have once have beholden,  
How glorious the days of thy reign shall have been.

Raise up the flag when the darkness is deepest,  
When the cries of our children awaken the night;  
Woe to thee, king, if thou linger or sleepest,  
Hie thee away from the breaking of light;  
Give to the current that lives in the river,  
Thy crown and thy robes to be thrown to the sea,  
Get thee a name, be contented for ever,  
To be as we were not—untrodden and free.

Out in the priest-ridden cities and nations,  
 Women and children are hailing the day,  
 Offering to thee as their humble oblations,  
 Sorrow and sobs that thy reign shall repay :  
 Waiting and watching till night-time be riven,  
 Till the thunder grows faint on the ears of the storm,  
 Till nation with nation be gathered and shriven  
 In a one univereal republican form.

Fling off the fetters ; fierce weather and glorious,  
 Blows in the breath of the scions of kings ;  
 Freedom and liberty now shall be born to us,  
 Born from the foam that the far ocean flings ;  
 All shall give way to her, what can we say to her,  
 Goddess and spouse of the conqueror man !  
 All time shall palen and faint and grow grey to her ;  
 Out with our flag on the high bartizan !

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### PARIS 1870-71.

(LIBERTÉ, EQUALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ !)

THE red flag is raised, and the banner unfolden  
 Now droops all ensanguined above the mad earth ;  
 'Mid the music of moanings, and passions unholden,  
 Of murder, rapine, pillage, slaughter and dearth.  
 Raised by gore-dropping hands in the gloom of the morning,  
 By heart's wolfish craving, lascivious "right ;"  
 Blindly man-worshipped as herald of dawning,  
 The day star that chases, and triumphs o'er night.

The red flag is raised, and round it assemble  
 Law breakers, law scorers, to make themselves law ;  
 Before its red folds, powers totter and tremble,  
 And yield to the fireblast of pitiless war.  
 The babe from its mother is ruthlessly riven,  
 Its death-wail unheard or unheeded by all ;  
 The maid from her shelter remorseless is driven,  
 At the foot of the Hell-planted banner to fall.

The red flag is raised, even demons recoil  
From the horrors enacted in Liberty's name ;  
The land turned to shambles, and drunken the soil  
With bloody libations to the banner of flame :  
See women transfigured with tresses blood-steepen,  
Rushing madly like tigers in search of their prey ;  
Or waiting where terrors still thicken and deepen,  
Then plunging with zest in the fiendish fray.

The red flag is raised, and piercing the smoke cloud,  
The ruddy flame flashes are cleaving the air ;  
And fast as the dying fall crushed by the mad crowd,  
The gaps are filled up with courageous despair.  
The shrieks of the wounded and dying are blended  
With the whirr of the muskets and harsh cannon roar ;  
Nor will the dread sacrifice ever be ended,  
Till the red flag is torn from its post evermore.

The red flag is raised, the exalted in station  
Feel fiercely the scorch of its flame-flecken breath ;  
The Queen Regent flies from a pitiless nation,  
The Prelate is led forth to torture and death :  
The highest and lowest, the peer and the peasant,  
Are now linked together in a *brotherly* tie,  
Are equal in station, no law but the present,  
“ Who opposes the path of the red flag must die ! ”

Shall we raise the red flag ? Shall old England's glory  
That for centuries has laurel-like twined round our name,  
Tamely yield to a mob-rule, despotic and gory ?  
Shall we strike our colours to a banner of flame ?  
No ! Raise the red flag—we despise and defy it !  
The Union Jack still shall float o'er our land ;  
Raise the red flag—we will scorn and deny it,  
It ne'er shall hold sway o'er our peace-loving strand !

Raise the red flag—and loosen the Hell hounds,  
That lay round the staff of this banner of blood—  
Swift as the torrent adown from the hill bounds,  
Loosen the tide of the Styx-begot flood.



Dream that the flag of the future waves o'er ye,  
 Dream that the triumph of tumult is come,  
 See not the pit that is yawning before ye,  
 Exultingly carry thy flag to its tomb!

See, where the red flag has tottered and fallen,  
 The flag of the future, the banner of white,  
 The flag that the nations have chosen and callen,  
 The banner that heralds the morning of light!  
 Roses and lilies are twined round the stem-tree,  
 The flags of all nations lie couched at its feet;  
 Modest, drooping before the bright banner of plenty,  
 The white flag of the future we're waiting to greet.

Hail to the white flag! whose folds waving o'er us,  
 Shall speak of the peace and the plenty in store;  
 When that glistening banner for ever before us,  
 Forbids the mad passions of purposeless war:  
 Hail to the white flag—the Heaven sent standard!  
 Hail to the banner of peace and of light!  
 To the era when vice is forsworn and not pandered,  
 When the earth sleeps in peace with the banner of white.

IDELE.

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CHATEAUBRIAND'S "JEUNE FILLE ET JEUNE  
 FLEUR."

FREE TRANSLATION.

UPON the bier a spotless lily-rose  
 Descends—sad tribute of a Father's woes!  
 The grave must soon two sister-sweets enclose,—  
 A youthful maiden; and a budding flower!  
 Earth! give them not again to this sad scene,  
 Where misery and pain hath ever been:—  
 Thy storms would ruffle beauty so serene,  
 And blight the spring-tide of the maid and flower.  
 Calmly thou sleep'st, Elise! Life's journey o'er,—  
 Its troublous burdens thou shalt bear no more!  
 Morn's dewy freshness nought could e'er restore  
 To the bright lovely maiden, and white flower.

Thy Father, Elise! or thy grave must bow,—  
 Pale anguish stealing o'er his wrinkled brow,—  
 The old oak stands!—Time's ruthless scythe lays low  
 Hope's buds of promise—a young girl—and flower!  
J. E. J.

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 THE WATER-WITCH.

WHERE art thou going my gay mountaineer?  
 Say, with thy beautiful babble of song;  
 Sing to my love with the crystally clear  
 Voice of thy ripples, the daisies among;  
     Whence art thou hieing O reveling rill?  
     Valleyward, down from this heathery hill.

Up from the lips of a mossy-mouthed cave  
 To the new life, from the life that has been,  
 White as a frill on a summer sea wave;  
 Or ruffles of lace on the neck of my Queen,  
     Flashing out fresh in the beams of the sun;  
     Maid of the Mountainland! where would you run?

Bright from your chamber, you merrily bound  
 Out into light, from a place of its dearth;  
 Like to the gushing of blood from a wound,  
 Made in the breast of my great mother Earth.  
     Freely as mercy you flow from your fount,  
     Where art thou speeding sweet nymph of the mount?

Dreaming no dream of a danger ahead;  
 Down like a serpent of silver you glide,  
 Over the pebbles that shine in your bed—  
 Leaping in laughter and glowing with pride,  
     Home-a-long, down-a-long, valleyward still,  
     Where will you wander my frolicking rill?

Did the wind spirit that dwells in the south  
 Climb the green hill to thy flower-fringed cell  
 Laden with spice from the violet's mouth,  
 Tempt thee adown to his bed in the dell;  
     Have I not found why you speed down the slope,  
     Swift as I ran with a spirit-named Hope?

Hush! 'tis the voice of my gay mountaineer;  
 What will the bright little water-witch say  
 Unto my love in the crystallly clear  
 Voice of its musical, mystical lay?  
 These are the words of my mountaineer's song,  
 Heard by my love as she rippled along.

"I have no fear of my fate in the strife;  
 Over the world I shall sing as I run;  
 From the earth cavern to beauty and life,  
 See! I have leapt like a beam of the sun;  
 Now I shall hie in my sunniest hours  
 To play hide and seek in the valley of flowers.

"Then while I nestle in Flora's embrace,  
 Over my bosom sweet zephyr will blow;  
 While the weird willows do shadow my face,  
 Out of my heart golden lilies shall grow:  
 Poets shall count me a joy to behold,  
 And I shall revel in glory untold.

"Then in the world, I shall grow to be great!  
 Maid of the mountainland; it *may* not be,  
 That is the song of my youth you repeat;  
 Then to my future as fearless as thee  
 I ran away in my merriest hours,  
 To chase a bright moth in my valley of flowers."

JOHN GREGORY.

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### NARCISSUS.

WHEN the evening dew is falling  
 Over mountain, wood, and mere,  
 Sounds the voice of Echo, calling  
 Through the forest far and near,  
 "Ah, Narcissus! Ah, Narcissus!"  
 Sighs the Oread, as she roves  
 By the banks of bright Cephissus  
 Through the twilight woods and groves.



But Narcissus, homeward bounding  
From the chase, no answer made  
To the Oread's voice, resounding,  
Sweetly through the evening shade.  
Past the nymph he hastened, laden  
With his spoils, without a word :  
Never yet by love of maiden  
Had Narcissus' heart been stirred.

Sadly Echo lay, complaining  
To the wild wind all the night  
Till the orbèd moon was waning,  
And the east was flushed with light ;  
Sadly prayed she in her anguish  
Unto Nemesis divine :  
"Goddess! let Narcissus languish  
With a love as vain as mine!"

So the livelong night in sorrow  
On the cold damp earth she lay,  
But ere sunrise on the morrow  
Has her spirit passed away.  
For her body faded slowly ;  
Nought but her sweet voice remains  
Echoing loudly, echoing lowly,  
O'er the forest and the plains.

Now on high the sunlight flashes,  
To the chase Narcissus bounds :  
Up the mountain side he dashes,  
Cheering on his Spartan hounds.  
At his back hang bow and quiver,  
In his hand the hunting spear ;  
Up the mountain from the river  
Doth he drive the dappled deer.

But at noon he leaves the mountain,  
And he seeks a mossy glade  
Where beside a crystal fountain  
He can rest beneath the shade.

As upon the brink he seats him,  
Tired and heated with the chase,  
Rising from the depths there meets him  
The reflection of his face,

Mirrored in the limpid water,  
Like a vision in a dream:  
And he thought it was a daughter  
Of the god who held the stream,  
And at length he loved: and vainly  
Strove to reach the lovely face,  
'Neath the surface smiling plainly,  
That eye shunned his fond embrace.

Yet he lingered still: reclining  
By the fountain 'neath the trees;  
Racked with hopeless love, and pining  
For the shadow that he sees  
In the water: long and longer  
Did he brood the stream beside  
While his hopeless love grew stronger  
Till for very love he died.

Till he perished in the gloaming,  
And the Oreads of the hill,  
Through the leafy forest roaming,  
Found him lying cold and still.  
From the fountain came the Naiads,  
And a funeral pyre they made  
Mid the lone haunts of the Dryads,  
Then returning through the glade

To the fountain ever-flowing,  
Nought they found where he had died  
But a lovely floweret, growing,  
On the margin of the tide;  
Snow-white, with a circlet gory  
Round the central cup of gold,  
And this flower, so runs the story,  
Doth Narcissus' spirit hold.

And by woodland pools and rivers  
 Doth the sweet Narcissus grow,  
 Where its dim reflection quivers  
 In the tide that gleams below,  
 And since then has Echo never  
 Ceased to sigh above his grave,  
 While Narcissus gazes ever  
 At his image in the wave.

OLAF.

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 IN THE WOODS.

CALL'D by the softly swelling breeze,  
 I leave the turmoil of the town,  
 To rove beneath the spreading trees,  
 And course the sylvan aisles a-down  
 Where sunny glimpses pierce the shade,  
 Bright flow'rets bloom amid the grass;  
 They meet my glances undismay'd,  
 And waft me kisses as I pass.  
 The blackbird from his covert trills,  
 A song of gladness to the day;  
 In gay response the dancing rills,  
 Throw back faint echoes of his lay.  
 Near do I seem to Nature's heart,  
 When on her bosom I recline;  
 The throbs of her life-pulses start  
 The languid ebb and flow of mine.  
 In leafy haunt I make my bed,  
 And sweetly-meditative lie;  
 While Time steals back with furtive tread,  
 To bring the Past, in dreams of joy.  
 Sweet is my rest, no cares intrude,  
 All jarrings of the spirit cease;  
 With innate sense of strength renew'd,  
 I pluck the flow'r of perfect peace.

H. ECCLESTON.



## A SABBATH EVE.

'Tis Sabbath evening, and a holy calm  
Seems stealing o'er the earth from Heaven above,  
'Tis lovely Spring time, and all nature seems  
To whisper to the heart of peace and love.

The sun is setting slowly, night is nigh,  
The soft new moon is peeping—all is still,  
Yet though the scene is bright and peaceful too  
My heart is sore, my eyes with teardrops fill.

Oh! why does not the calm of this sweet eve  
Sink down into my heart, and give it rest?  
And why, while all around me seems at peace  
Am I so weary still, and so oppress'd?

Is it that I cannot enjoy this hour?  
And all the beauties on my pathway thrown?  
Ah! no, I love fair nature all too well,  
But Oh! I can't enjoy her sweets alone.

This is the day and hour I best did love  
In other days, when all the world seemed bright,  
But one who shared my joys and sorrows then  
Is far away, and hidden from my sight.

So on this calm and lovely Sabbath eve  
I think of him, and sorrows will not cease,  
For he is gone for ever, I'm alone!  
My heart is aching so for love and peace!

A. SIMMONDS.

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BURIED ALIVE.

I AM neither saint, nor witch  
Whom they fit within this niche  
Apart from familiar places,  
While building from the floor  
My house without a door  
The masons have masks on their faces.

A bound might set me free,  
 The wall is at my knee,  
     How read they the thought I am thinking!  
 The motion of an arm  
 Has stilled me like a charm;  
     Stilled *me*, but the trowel is clinking.  
 My plea for aid and grace  
 Should over-climb this place,  
     With a prayer, not a gasp, that I utter.  
 So, the linnet in the brake  
 Held captive by the snake  
     Would soar—but her wings only flutter.  
 Good Christians, why such haste?  
 It rises to my waist;  
     Green lantern-glints fall on the mortar.  
 Will day be dying down  
 Unmarked, o'er keep and town?  
     God help me, whose day must be shorter!  
 I mind the blackbird's call  
 Where the elm tree, by the wall,  
     Spreads terraces leafy and roomy,  
 Where all the outside hours  
 Are tinted like the flowers,  
     For only this Death-porch is gloomy.  
 To day—a week gone by,  
 I wandered with Sir Guy,  
     We laughed—getting clear of the Warden:  
 Now, while my breath is going,  
 He notes, perhaps, in knowing,  
     The shadow of the dial in the garden.  
*'Tis level with my face!*  
 Dear Lord! how scant a space  
     Is left me for all worldly greeting!  
 One stone—and yet, another—  
 False Cousin! Cruel brother!  
     'Tis ye who will fear our next meeting!

M. LAURENCE JONES.

## THE CHOICE.

"WHAT gift wouldst thou, O child, receive?

What cravest thou to gain?

From 'mong the gifts I earthward leave,

Ere yet the tasks are plain.

Speak, child, and say,

That thy life's day

Be rich with all thou would'st obtain."

"I crave a surer touch to feel,

If aught that hovers near,

Is worthy at my heart to kneel—

Safe to receive when here.

I fain would know,

Where'ere I go,

What to reject—and what hold dear?"

"But child, canst thou, a mortal—dare

Accept such power as this?

The quicker sight to meet, and bear

Twofold, what most would miss—

Few, thus seek me,

Most, choose to flee,

From light that shows more woe than bliss."

"Ay, I would dare it; for I seek

To climb to Truth through all;

Dim-sighted now, with grasp so weak,

I miss it oft and fall,

Or else take hold,

Of that that's bold

And false, with soft alluring call."

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Through scathing fires that fiercely burnt,

He pass'd, as years went by—

They scorch'd his robe, but glad he learnt,

Past doubt, his choice was nigh,

The onward way

Was clear noonday,

His grasp grew firm all things to try.



Until more rapt, serene, and bright,  
 His eager face appear'd,  
 As though there beam'd forth on his sight,  
 A glory which he rear'd :  
     The gift he sought,  
     Had closer brought  
 Much that he hoped, if aught he fear'd.  
 With weary feet and blistered hands,  
 By tedious ways he came  
 Right up to where Truth crowned stands  
 Known thus as Love by name.  
     In life most blest,  
     He found his quest.  
 And knew at last 'twas wholly gain.

LORRY STANHOPE.

### THE IVY BOWER.

METHOUGHT I heard a maiden's voice  
 From 'neath a cluster'd ivy bower,  
 The strain to me seem'd sweet and choice,  
 In that summer's twilight hour.  
     Sweet twilight hour.  
 With stealthy step, and wishing more  
 To gaze perchance on some fair face,  
 Between the ivy leaves I saw  
 Twin'd lovers' arms in fond embrace,  
     In that silent hour.  
 Quick thoughts arose within my breast,  
 Of time gone by, when I like they  
 Did sit with lover's hope and rest,  
 Watching the sun's declining ray  
     'Neath the ivy bow'r.  
 With one long sigh I strove to hide  
 The deep emotion roused in me,  
 So turned, and left them side by side  
 Beneath the lover's ivy tree—  
     The sweet old ivy tree.

W. H. RICHARDSON.

## RUSSIA.

O, NORTHERN Power! Ere thou garb on war's mail  
 Mark well the sequence-tide. Whate'er thy aim,  
 Or stealth, or crusade, pause, ere thy great name  
 Be ope to censure. If thy course unsail  
 Doubt 's mast to fact 's strong breeze, naught will avail  
 To check a mightier nation-sway's just claim  
 For right of bonded treaty, and aflame  
 For honesty of action. If she fail  
 To woo her grounded purpose, blood and blood  
 Must meet to show her seal-signed laws of state  
 Are sacred next to laws of faith, and flood  
 Like will 'at England's door and India's gate;  
 Again, if thou cloak faith with foul disguise,  
 Scrutari's sod shall heave, and Alma rise! HILES DEANE.

## SUMMER DREAMS.

PROUD Louise in the shadow-seated  
 Shade, where the willows fall soft on the stream,  
 Speaks with her heart in the golden meadows,  
 Speaks to her sisters, her wish, her dream.  
 Dream of an ancient race of glory,  
 A noble castle with turret and towers,  
 Stately terrace and wealth of beauty,  
 Cool with forest and fragrant with flowers:  
 A noble lord before her bending,  
 And a welcome home from his vassals glad,  
 With all in praise of her gracious bounty,  
 Nought in the wide world to make them sad.  
 Gay Elfrida has heard her smiling,  
 Smiling far down in the clear crystal tide,  
 Watching the image with ringlets golden,  
 Framing her eyes in their hazel wide.  
 "Dream," she cries, "of your stately palace,  
 I dream of a home that were home indeed,  
 Far away in the greenwood bowered,  
 Fresh and free is the life I would lead!"

Far away from the stir and tumult,  
Soothed to sweet rest by the waving of leaves,  
There, 'mid the flowers, to find a pleasure  
Watching the glory that summer weaves.

Now for you, O! thoughtful Irene,  
What visions lie hid in your future dream?  
What home is sweet in your silent musing,  
What fancies float down the silver stream?

Soft and gentle her blue eyes wander  
Beyond the river and corn-fields of gold,  
Deep was their measure of love unspoken,  
Deep as the longing her heart would hold.

And o'er the meadows the winds went sweeping,  
Bending the grass in a shimmering tide,  
While the sisters, by the flow of the river,  
Wrapt in their musings sate side by side.

"No stately hall," Irene murmured,  
"Nor peaceful forest, my fancy share,  
To me nought pleaseth when Love is absent,  
All life is blessèd if Love be there.

"Sisters! deem it not weak and foolish,  
One wish, long-treasured, I still would crave,  
If in life we part may Death unite us  
To rest at last in the self-same grave."

\* \* \* \* \*

Years fleet on and the river flowing,  
Flows to the maidens' soft wishes no more,  
Life is passed with its storms and sunshine,  
Stand they now on the further shore.

Life moved on with its steadfast pacing;  
Proud Louise saw her visions fade;  
In the lowly home her beauty gladdened,  
She lives content with the choice she made.

Gay Elfrida could hear the murmur,  
In the dreams alone of the greenwood tree,  
Din of the city for songs of summer;  
One wish granted, alone, of the three:



For o'er the meadows the winds go sweeping,  
Bending the grass into shimmering waves,  
Where the sun's low ray in the ivy sleeping,  
Pauses at last on the sisters' graves.

ETHEL GIBBS.

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### A POET'S PLAINT.

O WHO that weighs a poet's pains  
In the same balance with his gains,  
Can fail to feel for him?  
Though he by night of glory dreams,  
Alas, in morn's awakening beams,  
The vision waxeth dim!  
What marvel if he oft bemoan,  
In verses of pathetic tone,  
His dreary lot below?  
How little can the world conceive,  
When weeping over songs they weave,  
The hardships writers know!  
E'en those that climb the hill of fame,  
And gain a never-dying name,  
Scant recompense can find;  
For grief and trouble hide beneath,  
The shadow of the laurel wreath,  
With cypress aye entwined.  
While authors nobly face despair,  
Shall editors exempt from care,  
No ruthless actions rue?  
They seem with keen remorse beset,  
Always expressing "much regret"  
For what they daily do.  
Ah me, the tortures of suspense  
A poet must experience  
Ere he may learn his doom!  
It comes at last, in words polite,  
His cherished hopes then vanish quite,—  
"Unable to find room."

As angler keeps the writhing worm  
Upon the earth a tedious term  
Of cruel expectation,  
So act those editors humane  
Who thus a kindly answer deign—  
“Under consideration.”

Up in the clouds—an atmosphere  
Of joys ærial—bards appear  
From petty trials free;  
A pity such exalted race  
Come down to trials commonplace,  
For stern reality.

Poetic ardour sadly damps!  
A fortune spent in postage stamps,  
(Pens, ink, and paper too,  
With countless sticks of sealing wax,)  
Will any poet's zeal relax  
Whose guineas are but few?

For me, I muse with calm content  
Upon my lyric lately sent,  
That comes out in September;  
To London well it knows the way,  
Returned more times (without delay),  
Than I can quite remember!

How many journeys up to town,  
Have poems which achieve renown?  
Sent often to and fro;  
Ah, who can tell the ups and downs  
Sustained, ere publication crowns  
The lines that smoothest flow?

O genius, slighted and oppressed,  
But little understood at best,  
Thy prospects are not cheering  
When famous writers rhyme in vain,  
And numbers sing in dulcet strain,  
Who never get a hearing.

M. T.

## MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECIES !

RECENTLY discovered in the British Museum written in an old Manuscript work, A.D. 1448. If written so long since, they are strange sayings, but breathe little poetry.

This wonderful woman lived till she was of an extraordinary age. She died at Clifton, in Yorkshire, from which is taken the following Epitaph, copied from a stone monument :—

Here lyes she who never ly'd,  
Whose skill often has been try'd;  
Her Prophecies shall still survive,  
And ever keep her name alive.

Carriages without horses shall go,  
And accidents fill the world with  
woe ;

Primrose Hill in London shall be,  
And in its centre a Bishop's see.

—  
Around the world thoughts shall  
fly  
In the twinkling of an eye.

—  
Water shall yet more wonders do  
How strange, yet shall be true,  
The world upside down shall be ;  
And gold found at the root of tree,  
Through hills men shall ride,  
And no horse or ass be by their  
side.

Under water men shall walk,  
Shall ride, shall sleep, and talk ;  
In the air men shall be seen,  
In white, in black, and in green.

—  
A great man shall come and go !  
Three times shall lovely France  
Be led to play a bloody dance ;  
Before her people shall be free,  
Three Tyrant Rulers shall she see ;  
Three times the people's hope is  
gone ;

Three rulers in succession see,  
Each springing from different dy-  
nasty,  
Then shall the worser fight be done,  
England and France shall be as one.

—  
The British Olive next shall twine  
In marriage with German vine.

—  
Men shall walk over rivers and  
under rivers.

Iron in the water shall float  
As easy as a wooden boat.  
Gold shall be found, and found  
In a land that's not now known.  
Fire and water shall more wonders  
do.

England shall at last admit a Jew  
The Jew that was held in scorn,  
Shall of a Christian be born and  
borne.

—  
A house of glass shall come to pass  
In England !—but alas !  
War will follow with the work,  
In the land of the Pagan and Turk ;  
And state and state in fierce strife  
Will seek each other's life.  
But when the North shall divide  
the South,  
An Eagle shall build in the Lion's  
Mouth.

—  
Taxes for blood and for War  
Will come to every door.

—  
All England's sons that plough the  
land,  
Shall be seen book in hand.  
Learning shall so ebb and flow,  
The Poor shall most wisdom know .

—  
Waters shall flow where corn shall  
grow.

Corn shall grow where waters doth  
flow.

Houses shall appear in the vales  
below,  
And covered by hail and snow.

—  
The world then to an end shall come  
In Eighteen hundred and Eighty-  
one.



## BUDE HAVEN.

Look where the flying foam,  
Far o'er the windy sea,  
Cloudward ascends, then falls  
Like mighty snowflakes;  
Look where the noonday sun,  
When the white wave retires,  
Makes on the foam-strewn sand  
Many a rainbow.

Ah, the wild ocean-wind,  
Ah, the white ocean-foam,  
Round the long breakwater,  
Like children, playing!  
Oft in far wilder mood  
Fly they o'er hill and field,  
Till the bare northern bow'rs  
Tell of sea-changes.

Then speaks the hunter-band,  
"What gleams on yonder thorn?  
Is it a hoar-frost crown,  
Crowning the winter?"  
Then comes the answer strange,  
"Nay, 'tis Atlantic foam,  
By the fierce storm-wind whirled  
Six leagues to inland."

"Ah, on Bude Haven sands  
Fast though the foam-flakes fall,  
There is no rainbow bright  
In the foam-bubbles;  
There the brave life-boat rides,  
There the far cannon booms,  
There the doomed ship fights long  
With the fell breakers."

Thou Who the sea didst make,  
Thou Who the storm didst still,  
Thou Who the waters hold'st  
In Thy hand's hollow,

Thou Who to rising waves,  
"Thus far, no farther," say'st,  
Thou to the stormless land  
Bring the wrecked sailor.

A. MIDDLEMORE MORGAN.

"KNOWN OR UNKNOWN."

BECAUSE great masters vanish  
As every object must,  
Shall we the lesser banish,  
And tread their works to dust?  
Or shall we shun the starlight  
Since planets cease to shine?  
Or only praise the sun bright  
Since the moon has rays divine?  
There are juicy fruits untasted  
In Afric's woody bound,  
There are crystal streamlets wasted  
Of human feet unfound,  
There are pearls beneath the ocean  
As pure as those which glow  
With gentle mild emotion,  
On bosoms, white as snow.  
Through Africa we travel  
In hopes of something new,  
And we pile up beds of gravel  
For springs to drip through.  
We dig for gold and silver  
Wherever fortune hurls  
These baubles; and we pilver  
The ocean of its pearls.  
We spend much time and trouble  
O'er the object which we choose,  
Which is itself a bubble  
Compared with that we lose.  
For no matter where we ramble,  
We find a wretched lot  
Of luckless bards who scramble  
Up the hill of fame—forgot.

Up Christians ! let's be doing  
What love would have us do ;  
With flowers the pathway strewing  
Of those who fortune woo.  
And let the man inherit  
The palm, who strives to gain  
That trophy by his merit,  
And not with gold's domain.

W. WORBY.

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TO A BEREAVED PARENT.

WEEP not, oh! mother, that thy tender care,  
Thy days and nights of watching were in vain,  
That even thy love was powerless as air,  
To shield thy darling from disease and pain,  
And since alas! thou cans't not hinder now  
The touch of death's cold finger on its brow—  
Weep not the babe so early laid to rest  
Upon its Saviour's breast.

Sweet was the bud. Would'st thou have seen the flower  
Unfolding day by day thy home within,  
Oh! who can tell how many a weary hour  
Of suffering, or how many a stain of sin,  
Might mar its beauty, or its soul defile  
Bringing but sorrow to thyself the while.  
Hath the dear Saviour beckoned it away?  
*We* may not bid it stay.

He takes thy child perchance that thou mayest follow,  
His little footsteps to that home above,  
That earthly cares and pleasures vain and hollow  
No more may lure thee from His voice of love.  
He takes thy treasure that thy heart may be  
Where He and it are both awaiting thee;  
Waiting thy coming to that happy shore  
Where ye shall part no more.

M. KIRKMAN.



## THE GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH OF STAGNELIUS.

SINGING, joyfully and blest,  
Herman, 'midst the eve's calm rest,  
Had sought his home again :  
Said, " My mother and I greet  
Who, in her accustomed seat,  
Has watched for me, in vain."

And he thought: " I shall behold  
Thee, so fondly loved of old !  
Thou wilt to meet me glide ;  
I will chase thy tears away,  
And in the solemn twilight gray  
Will linger at thy side."

Hope within his heart beat high,  
When he saw his cottage nigh,  
And soon the latch he stirred ;  
Many a pulse his breast might own,  
When his name, in hollow tone,  
Faintly called he heard.

Herman quickly turned, and there,  
Pale and sad, and worn with care,  
He saw the maiden dear ;  
Veil and crown of death she wore,  
And her eyes which shone no more,  
Looked through each starting tear.

" Herman," then she said, " Farewell,  
With the Judge my soul must dwell,  
Blame not the laws above ;  
The grave never yields its prey,  
Thanks for ev'ry pleasant day,  
And for thy constant love.

" Jewels sparkle in thine hand,  
Off'rings from a distant land,  
But these may not be mine ;  
Bracelet ne'er my arm shall clasp,  
Snowy pearls, with dazzling hasp,  
Ne'er in my tresses shine.

" Long since I, in peace, was laid,  
Long since my last bed was made,  
Far in the cold, dark ground ;  
Grass is growing o'er my grave,  
But th' unfettered soul may brave  
The narrow boards and mound.

"I, with many an earnest word,  
Weeping, prayed to God who heard,  
That on land and sea,  
In the desert's arid waste,  
I, beside thee still might haste,  
Until home welcomed thee.

"Mine this blessed lot has been ;  
For a year, my form, unseen,  
Wandered near thee there ;  
Oft I cheered thee through the day,  
Many a danger turned away,  
And gave thee strength to bear.

"Now farewell, friend of my heart !  
The Judge calls, and we must part ;  
Heaven's bells are ringing."  
Slowly the night shadows fly,  
Day is blushing in the sky,  
And the lark is singing."

Herman's mother softly rose,  
Wherefore did her eyes uncloze,  
In the morning clear ?  
Herman, at the threshold, lay,  
Dead—but on his cheek of clay  
Glittered a pearly tear.

H. M. S.

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RIFTS IN THE CLOUD.

LINKED arm in arm, while the cool summer wind  
Came gently rustling o'er close branches twined,  
The moon scarce glancing through the stirring leaves  
As starlight gleamings gem this quiet eve's  
Remembered scene ; we wandered careful list'ning  
At the church portal while faint glist'ning  
Through bright-tinted windows beamed the light,  
Which told of worship. Clear on the balmy night-  
Air floated low the monotoned "Amen"  
As lightly on the sacred threshold once again  
We paused to share, the benediction poured forth there,  
But rising stole the soothing chanted prayer  
"Lord have mercy," soaring solemnly along  
The dim quaint isles, and then the chastened song  
Died softly as with penitence unwreathed.  
'Twas lost in silence, but as incense breathed

It rose to heaven, and odour pledged to bring  
A blessing borne on viewless angel's wing.  
We turning 'mid memorials fast decaying,  
Of the long silent dead, passed slowly straying,  
Fain to linger till the uncertain light  
Had changed to darkness of a summer's night.  
For well we knew our life paths were diverging  
And faltered lest its turmoil quickly merging  
The peaceful present into memory's dream  
Should swift reveal the wearying stream  
Of grief (the friends are few earth keeps in store)  
'Twas difficult to realise those words "no more!"  
No more!—'tis well life's pain if sore is short,  
'Twas anguish only soothed by rapturous thought  
Of blissful love unending, when at last  
We glad before our Father's home close clasped  
Shall pause with awe to list the strain  
Not then, as erst, a wailing sad refrain,  
But jubilant with sweetness loud as sound  
Of many waters, "Alleluia" shall resound.  
Thou, with thy crown low flung before His feet  
Te Deum Laudamus, then shall fond repeat;  
I, Miserere, weeping then no more, shall raise  
In joy of perfect love, my new long song of praise.  
Then as the shining ranks enclose us in  
We dazzled by exceeding beauty see within  
The nearest circle, dear ones hovering nigh,  
And catch 'mid seraph song a whisper by  
From lips all true, from hearts whose wealth of love  
Was poured on us scarce noted, until soft as dove  
Sad sorrow came with sable veil and paled  
Earth's brightness evermore. Oh! hearts that never failed  
In faith, in love, teach me thy heavenly lays  
The full-toned harmony of ecstatic praise,  
And angels join in sweetest choral strain  
Ear hath not heard. Hark! "Alleluia, and again  
They say Alleluia."

E. B.



## ATHOL.

'Twas at the time when bound in yellow sheaves  
The ripe ears languish, Athol held my hand  
And spoke to me of love. Ah! who believes  
(Or, if believing, who can understand,)  
Love should be likened best to shifting sand,  
To passing clouds, to autumn's dying leaves,  
Or anything that changes? Yet most know  
By their own heart pangs that it must be so.

We stood together 'neath a spreading beech,  
Just he and I, and love to me was new;  
But there is never need that any teach  
Its strange sweet lore, for softly like to dew  
On fainting flowers it comes to us, and few  
Have strength to check its course—with me it grew  
From the first spark of innocent desire,  
To be a panting passion's hidden fire.

In the first flush of love we cannot stay  
To count the costs; like monarch waves which roll  
In wintry weather, breaking in the bay  
Before all peace, so surging on the soul  
Comes the great passion, and beyond control  
Makes us new creatures, holding kingly sway  
Over our hearts, and bringing in its train  
Heaven's proudest pleasure or earth's keenest pain.

But we were both so happy in that hour,  
That each one thought the other must be true;  
We did not know the alienating power  
Of time and absence, or if either knew  
Could scarcely credit it, or dream that new  
And fairer faces, or a wealthy dower,  
Would make a world of woe for me again,  
For perished joy is ever present-pain.

But Athol loved me—that was all I knew,  
Or cared to know; the future and the past  
Were nought to me since he I loved was true,  
And I had found my heart's desire at last.  
How should I know that heaven was overcast  
With angry threatening clouds of blackest hue?  
How could I tell that though life seemed so sweet,  
I soon should sigh to hear mine own heart beat?

And he had asked me to be his, his own,  
And his alone for ever, and I saw  
The love-light in his eyes, and thought how lone  
My life had been for weary years before  
He came to bless it, who to me was more  
Than words can tell, and every day had grown  
More precious to me; so I whispered this,  
Exchanged love's vows, and sealed them with a kiss.

To love and be beloved—the world has nought  
To give beside it, and when love is gone  
Life is not worth the name, for all you sought  
And wistful watched for each succeeding dawn  
Is passed, and left you doubly so forlorn,  
Cheated of every joy which hope had taught,  
As travellers toiling through a desert land,  
See fairest visions fade to burning sand.

To live long years of weariness and woe,  
The evil and the good at constant war,  
Then the best joy that God can give to know,  
And live in heaven's sweet sunshine—then what more,  
To linger on as lonely as before,  
Because your love proves false, and daily grow  
More hopeless, and more reckless it may be  
In your lone life of loveless misery.

But Athol held me in his arms, and how  
Could thoughts like these intrude when he was near?  
I felt his kisses on my lips and brow,  
And heard him whisper I was very dear;

And in my darkest days this thought must cheer—  
He loved me then although, so altered now,  
He loved me then, I know it, and maybe  
Love will return in heaven eternally.

And so we were betrothed, my love and I,  
And both were blessed as only they can tell  
Who love, and have been loved—I know not why  
I still should love so wildly and so well,  
But having yielded cannot break the spell  
That he has cast around me: trustfully  
I gave him my whole heart, without a sigh  
For fear my fondest hopes should fading die.

And thus two happy years had passed away  
When to our home an orphan cousin came,  
And from that time I noticed day by day  
Athol's love lessen, though he was the same  
To other's seeming: *he* was not to blame,  
For she was very fair, and I will pray  
For Mabel, who has stolen him from me,  
That she may never know like misery.

It was a winter evening when at last  
The crisis came, that I had dreaded long:  
Large flakes of purest snow were falling fast  
And little Mabel had been out so long  
That Athol grew quite anxious, thought 'twas wrong  
To let her go alone, and seemed to cast  
The blame on me, then said that he would go  
To seek her in the wilderness of snow.

And so I listened till I heard the gate  
Swing after him, and for a little space  
Tried to think calmly, and with patience wait  
Till they should both return, and sought to trace  
His footprints in the snow, then turned to pace  
The darkening room, while tears of passionate  
And bitter grief for my lost love fell fast,  
Regretful tears for purest pleasures past.



Thus minutes lengthened into hours, until  
I could not longer bear suspense, and so  
Stole softly to the door, and said, "I will  
Watch for them at the gate, that I may know  
The worst at least the sooner." Blinding snow  
Fell silently around, and all was still  
Save mine own heart which, I could plainly hear  
Beat with imagination's fondest fear.

Like a lone mariner on stormy seas  
Drifts to the rocks, nor knows until too late,  
So down the avenue of bare brown trees  
I hurried recklessly towards my fate—  
But sudden paused, because beside the gate  
I heard low voices, and I knew that these  
Were Mabel's and my Athol's, he who swore  
To love *me* only, just two months before.

"I love you Mabel darling," Athol said,  
"With my whole heart and soul I love you dear,  
And yet I am betrothed, and soon must wed  
With pretty Maud, 'tis well she cannot hear,  
But since that you have come to us, I fear  
My love for her, if love it were, is dead.  
For though I know *her* heart is still as true,  
*My* heart but beats with tenderness for you.

And then I heard my cousin shyly say  
She loved him, loved *my* Athol passing well.  
Gasping for breath, I quickly turned away—  
And then a darkness on my senses fell,  
And half unconscious, how I cannot tell,  
I reached the house, and till the morning lay  
Panting with hopeless passion, that great grief  
For which the healer Time has no relief.

But when the day dawned to my mind there came  
But one thought clearly, Athol should be free—  
I never would consent to bear his name  
Knowing his heart was far away from me,

No, come what might, that sin should never be ;  
And it was better *I* should bear the blame  
And that the world should call me false to him,  
Than that a single cloud his heaven should dim.

And so I sought him, and with downcast eyes,  
And faltering voice, I told him I would fain  
Have back my freedom, noting the surprise,  
The *glad* surprise, he tried to hide in vain,  
As he enquired why I would have again  
What I had given willingly, "for ties  
Like these," he said, "are sacred, yet may be  
You love another, so are false to me?"

"I love another, more than you? Oh, no,  
It is not that!" I cried, "and much I grieve  
If I have caused you pain, but let me go,  
I do not love you, Athol! yes, believe  
I do not love you, and in pity leave  
Me free again now that the truth you know."  
And so he said I should be his no more,  
And I returned the ring I always wore.

Alas, for human hopes! a single hour,  
Nay, but a moment, dashes to the earth  
Our golden idol, and no earthly power  
Can heal the wound, though others of more worth  
May woo in after years; while songs and mirth  
Live on the lips, the closer to conceal  
The cruel pain our breaking hearts must feel.

So they were wed, Mabel and he, for I  
Stood by unseen and saw her made his bride,  
And yet lived on, I know not how nor why,  
Since there is nothing left to me beside  
The memory of what was, while deep and wide  
The gulf between us yawns. I pray to die,  
But find no answer, yet I know that he  
Is happy knowing not my misery.

And that is my one comfort, *he* is blest;  
My latest thought at night my first at dawn ;  
And I am glad that he has never guessed  
That from my life all happiness has gone.  
But he will know in heaven what I have borne  
For his sweet sake, so I again shall rest  
In those dear arms which fondly shall entwine  
While I shall hear his heart beat wholly mine.

LEONARD LLOYD.

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### AT THE AQUARIUM.

THEY told me that I ought to go,  
I don't know why—I never did  
But still they bored a fellow so,  
I thought I'd better do as bid—  
I went—the queerest place, you know  
The Aquarium—a fishy zoo.

I went—but why's another thing,  
There wasn't much to see, I think,  
A set of tanks, placed in a ring,  
Not half so jolly as the rink,  
But when sea things are kept on shore  
A fellow must go—awful bore.

My lady said I must take her,  
And so of course I did you know,  
I nearly felt inclined to shake her,  
She pulled and lugged, and chattered so;  
Inspecting cod fish, salmon, soles,  
Pretty? Ah, yes, and nice—in rissoles.

Herrings! the thought was quite enough,  
Quite Billingsgate—one seemed to smell them,  
Recalling men in fustian—stuff,  
Crying “who'll buy,” who, horror! sell them  
And fellows eat them—like them too,  
The public taste is—awful low.



I saw some bivalves, prawns, and shrimps,  
And zoophite things stuck in a row,  
And things all legs, sort of sea crimps,  
That catch the oars when fellows row,  
Tho' why they row I can't conceive,  
Can't be real fellows, I believe.

A fellow is a fellow—one  
Who goes where everybody goes,  
Objects to rain—and hates the sun,  
And does what everybody does.  
Rides, Rinks, and buys his coats of Poole,  
And pays sometimes—not as a rule.

I really don't know any more,  
A fellow hardly could see less;  
I left my lady at the door,  
And lounged off for a B and S;  
Then wrote these lines, an awful bore,  
I don't know why I did, I'm sure.

LIONEL LANGUID.

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### A DREAM OF THE NORTH POLE.

COULD I be borne afar on magic wings,  
Or in a truthful vision of the night,  
Sooner than any land of soft delight,  
That realm I would behold where no leaf springs,  
No living creature roves, no wild bird sings;  
But Winter, age by age, in robes of white,  
Coldly defies the Sun's continued light,  
And fills a throne untouched by mortal kings.  
Then would succeed the long-enduring gloom,  
When only wildest meteor-lights illumine  
The plains of stillness with ethereal strife:  
An absolute and deadly solitude,  
The thought of which might sober every mood  
And add a grand solemnity to life.

H. F. SPENCER.

## THE LAPIDARY'S DAUGHTER.

EVERY day along the shore,  
Peering close amid the shingle,  
Turning sea-weed o'er and o'er,  
However close the masses mingle;  
A maiden frequent may be seen;  
Oftimes dashing in the water,  
Floating back with joyous mien,  
'Tis the Lapidary's daughter.

Clad in simple holland gown,  
Round her hat a ribbon blue;  
Tresses falling careless down,  
Eyes that matched the sky in hue;  
Tanned her sunny face and hands,  
Smiling ever nature taught her,  
The little witch demuely stands,  
'Tis the Lapidary's daughter.

Cornelians, agates, amber, jet,  
These the prizes daily won;  
Sea-weeds, shells, she'll not forget,  
Nor pebble glist'ning in the sun;  
And when the daylight slowly dies,  
Rejoicing in the fortune brought her,  
Still laughingly she homeward hies,  
This Lapidary's daughter.

I almost wish I were a stone  
Reclining in her dainty basket,  
When tenanted by me alone,  
Were richer than a jewelled casket;  
I tell her so, and deeply sigh,  
She gaily laughs, then with hauteur—  
"How very silly—*now* good-bye,  
I'm the Lapidary's daughter."

E. M.

## A SONG.

LIE low among the lilies, love, and dream,  
And I will be thy sentinel and scare  
The honey-bees from teasing with their hum,  
The butterflies from resting on thy hair,  
Lie low among the lilies, love, and dream.

I pray to God that on that joyous brow  
No lines of grief may come with coming years,  
Rather let *mine* be graven in its stead,  
*Your* eyes be bright and *mine* made dim with tears.  
Lie low among the lilies, love, and dream.

If I could think another arm than mine  
Would hold thee safer thro' life's crowded way,  
More strong to bear, more tender to caress,  
Although to go were death—I would not stay.  
Lie low among the lilies, love, and dream.

If I could think another mind than mine  
Could answer back more truly to thine own,  
Define thy wayward thought or 'ere thou speak  
With subtler knowledge—I would go alone.  
Lie low among the lilies, love, and dream.

But dear! O dearest dreamer 'mong the flowers,  
My heart has knowledge, and God also knows  
That it is written—I shall be thy stay  
Among the winds, and thou shalt be my rose.  
Lie low among the lilies, love, and dream.

So from my brain I blow all faithless fears,  
Entwine thy flowers around no other tree,  
God marked me thine by my exceeding love,  
And—may He bless you for it—yours for me!  
Lie low among the lilies, love, and dream.

ERLE GRAY.

## REVIEWS.

## THE VIOLIN MAKER OF CREMONA,

## AT THE OLYMPIC.

THIS play, is a translation of François Coppée's delightful poem, "Le Luthier de Crémone," by Henry Neville. The many who may not have had the pleasure of seeing the original at the Theatre Français last season, will no doubt be glad to have a sketch of the story. It is short, having but little plot, yet 'tis full of sweetest tenderness, poetry and feeling.

Taddeo Ferrari is a maker of violins, living in the good old town of Cremona; he has a very beautiful daughter and two clever apprentices, Filippo and Sandro; the former is the more skilful of the two, but he is a hunchback, whilst the other is well-shaped and handsome.

There is to be a competition for a gold chain, given to the maker of the best violin, and, in addition to the prize, Ferrari has promised to give his daughter as wife to him who should be successful, thus increasing the number of competitors and the importance of the test. But there are only two who have any chance of winning, they being so far above all the rest, viz: the master's two apprentices.

Filippo had toiled night and morn at the completion of his instrument, putting his whole heart and soul into his labour, and when it was finished his delight knew no bounds, as he believed he had discovered the divine art of the dead masters, which had been so long lost.

Sandro had finished his, but he was not satisfied; he lacked the genius and enthusiasm of a true musician, and only the night before he had heard Filippo sing and play, his voice and notes rivalling the trill of the nightingale which had just ceased.

Both of them love the master's fair daughter, Gianina; Filippo with a sublime passion, but in silence, whilst Sandro has avowed his and is in a measure her accepted suitor.

It is only when the hunchback takes out his violin to show Gianina, and at her request plays a solo so exquisitely, so full of tenderest feeling, bringing tears into her eyes, that he avows his love—that love which he had had for her since she had induced her father to take him in one bitter winter night, out of the cold and snow, but which he had been afraid to speak of—but when he by playing brings tears into her bright eyes he forgets his deformity, thinking that she may overlook that, and



that his genius may prompt her to love him for that alone, and not despise him for his infirmity. But Gianina refuses him, telling him of her love for Sandro, and how her heart is set upon his winning the prize, and if he loses how great would be her misfortune; but that as a friend she will ever like him, and even if he should win would be glad though nothing would induce her to forsake Sandro, even if her father insisted upon giving her to the winner.

She leaves, and goes to the church to pray for the success of her lover. Filippo is struck with pain and grief at his refusal, upbraiding himself for his folly in thinking that she could care for a poor cripple like him; then a noble impulse takes possession of him: he determines not to win. What can be the prize to him? he thinks, though his whole heart and soul had been dreaming of it. It will be best to let Sandro win and let them be happy—as for himself it can matter nothing—he being but a hunchback with no one to love him!

So, when no one is near, he goes to Sandro's case and takes out his fiddle, substituting his own, putting his rival's in his own case. A little while after Sandro comes in, and he gives them to him to take to the place of trial, thus sacrificing all his hopes. He does not go himself, but stays behind.

The time passes, and then Sandro rushes in and throws himself at his feet, saying that in his baseness he had changed the fiddles under an archway, his love being too great to resist the temptation, and imploring his forgiveness.

The result is, Filippo wins the prize after all! but when it is brought to him he does not accept it, but gives it to Gianina, and despite the entreaties of all, and the reproaches of Ferrari, he leaves them, going out into the world alone with his fiddle as his only friend.

Mr. Neville's rendering of Filippo was a masterpiece of naturalism, being replete with deepest passion and pathos. From the moment Filippo enters, fleeing from a brutal mob who stone him for saving a poor street cur from their fury, our sympathies are with him, and Mr. Neville by the perfection of his acting intensifies the interest and feeling. The lament over his instrument, the idol of his heart, the work of many days of weary toil, sacrificing it for his love, as he places it in his rival's case, is a study unequalled in pathetic earnestness. The self-denial, the heroic sacrifice as he goes away to distant lands, giving up all for another's happiness, was enacted in that manly eloquent manner which is peculiarly Mr. Neville's own. It is a study as beautiful as it is finished.

Mr. Forbes Robertson was excellent as Sandro, and his remorse at his guilt was very impressive. Miss Girard much improved her Phœbe Marlis, acting with quietness and grace. Mr. Hill is a clever comedian, but evidently as Taddeo Ferrari he rather mars than improves the effect.

The violin maker of Cremona is a sweet dramatic Idyl, so rare upon the modern stage; one which all true lovers of poetic art will indeed do well to see.

STUART CUMBERLAND.

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KOTTABOS.—We have received a copy of "Kottabos," an interesting poetical magazine, published at Trinity College, Dublin, which is a most meritorious periodical. The volume before us, which is that of the Trinity term, contains much good matter, but the chief feature of interest is a poem from the pen of Mr. W. Wilkins, entitled "Actæon," founded upon the old Ovidian myth. Mr. Wilkins possesses great powers of description, and the whole poem has a ring and force about it that marks it the production of a true poet. The description of the maiden hunters, which we append, is a really fine piece of word painting:—

By rock and by rift and runnel, by marsh, and meadow, and mound,  
He went with his dogs beside him, and marvelled no game was found,  
Till the length of the whole green gorge, and the grey cliffs gleaming  
on high,  
Rang and re-echoed with horns, and the musical hunting cry.  
And the hounds broke out of the cover, all baying together in tune;  
And the hart sprang panting before them along up the lawns dew-  
strewn.  
And a bevy of buskin'd virgins, dove-breasted, broke from the bowers,  
With spears half-poised for the hurling, and tresses tangled with  
flowers;  
Their lips, rose-ruddy, disparted to draw their delightful breath  
For the chase, and the cheer thereof ringing the rapture of dealing  
death—  
The fine heads eagerly lifted, the pitiless fair eyes fixed,  
The cheeks, flower-fresh, flush'd flower-like,—rich lily, rich rose com-  
mixed;  
The slender feet flying swiftly, the slight shapes rushing like reeds,  
When the Thracian breezes of winter descend on the marshy meads;  
So swept they along like music; and wilder'd Actæon stood,  
Till the last of the maiden rangers was lost in the leaning wood.

After this sight of the maiden mistresses of Diana, Actæon dreams of their sports with their Queen in the limpid waters of the sacred pool,

and impressed with but one idea, namely, to see their forms again, essays to discover the retreat. He succeeds, and gazing upon it—

Suddenly brighten'd the water; the flowers of the brim flushed rosier.  
 Suddenly look'd Actæon right into the sacred enclosure,  
 Suddenly saw he a hundred tapering female shapes lily-pale,  
 Pureness of air and water and soul for their only veil.  
 And fearless of male eyes gazing, Diana through irised air  
 Shower'd the clinging crystal from free-tossing limbs and hair.  
 The wave running over her insteps, argent Latona's heaven-eyed  
 daughter  
 View'd her unrivall'd whiteness beneath in the wavering water;  
 More regally high from the shoulder transparent than all her following  
 vestals,  
 Stately purest in virgin beauty, the noblest of the celestials;  
 Musing as muse the immortals upon their unutterable grace,  
 Her vein'd high brow bending forward, a brooding light in her face,  
 Watching the cooing waters that brighten'd and beam'd as they passed  
 her.  
 Glassing the nude refulgence of delectable alabaster.

The daring hunter is discovered by Diana, who incensed that their chaste retreat should be thus invaded by the eye of man, turns suddenly round.

The small round neck lifting direly the exquisite menacing head,  
 The curving nostril, the steel-blue eyeball striking the gazer dead;  
 Rejecting his true, pure homage—though even her scorn was sweet;—  
 Smiting his life into darkness, and driving his dust from her feet.

Mr. Wilkins is to be congratulated upon having produced a really meritorious poem.

The rest of the original matter in this volume is of an altogether inferior description—but the poem Actæon is sufficient in itself to counteract any disappointment that we might otherwise have felt with it.

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NEW POEM BY JOHN MILTON.—We have had introduced to us a poem hitherto unpublished, said to have been the work of our great Poet Milton, and we must say that, if not written by that justly celebrated man, the composition is not unworthy of his noble name. To enable our readers to judge for themselves we insert a part of the poem below, and all who wish to see the whole, and also to learn the history of the verses, should send thirty stamps to the publisher, Mr. Blanshard, 24, Old Cavendish Street, London, W. Bound up with the history and poem is a splendid portrait of the mighty man.



I am weak, yet strong :  
 I murmur not that I no longer see!  
 Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong  
 Father Supreme, to Thee.  
 Thy glorious face  
 Is beaming towards me, and its holy light  
 Shines in upon my dwelling place,  
 And there is no more night.  
 I have nought to fear ;  
 This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing :  
 Beneath it I am almost sacred : here  
 Can come no evil thing.  
 Visions come and go ;  
 Hopes of resplendant beauty round me throng  
 From angel lips, I seem to hear the flow  
 Of soft and holy song.  
 Give me now my lyre :  
 I feel the stirring of a gift divine ;  
 Within my bosom glows unearthly fire  
 Lit by no skill of mine.

POEMS OF THE MONTH, by M. A. Baines, (Sampson, Low & Co., London.) This is an elegant work containing verses on the months, short and appropriate, each verse having a very neat etching by Wilhelmina Baines.

From winter's snowdrops, spring's blossoms, to summer and autumn's flowers, it has charms, fresh and original.

On the whole it is a well finished, beautiful book, and deserves success.

The following extracts appear to us especially attractive :—

#### APRIL.

**A** pril ! sweet month of sunshine, and of show'rs,  
**P** ray thou not too tearful, lest the flow'rs  
**R** ejoicing first at promise of the Spring,  
**I** n disappointment droop ! but gladness bring :  
**L** et Nature smile with thee and carols sing.

#### DECEMBER.

**D** ark days are now proverbial, but this month  
**E** ngages higher thoughts of holier life ;  
**C** ommenting on the past, remembrance brings,  
**E** ach deed performed, and duties left undone :  
**M** ay next year's hope and promise be fulfilled,  
**B** efore another reck'ning comes too late.  
**E** nable us O God to do *Thy* will,  
**R** epressing *Evil* and promoting *Good*.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

"A Summer's Delight," by A. M.—The plot of your story is somewhat weak, and is rendered much weaker by the manner in which it is introduced. By all means keep everything that is not positively necessary to the story invisible.

"Friends," by G. L. C.—You have in this and other poems pretty sentiments, but a lack of thought. We cannot select for insertion.

T. B. Heywood.—The question you send is too simple.

"Father O'Donnell," by W. B.—We do not approve of poems in such marked patois.

"Betsy Bell," by T. C.—Your attempt at versifying in Hood's style falls far short of the model. You have only one good joke.

"The Return," by G. S.—The measure is somewhat stiff. However you give the story simply, without superfluous words. Send us something better.

"Proposed"—Good, and acceptable for our pages.

"The Landlord's Story."—The first five pages of your manuscript should have been given in five lines. The arrangement is melo-dramatic; but you have failed to give it that quiet spirit which is necessary to convey the sense of reality. Send stamps if you wish return.

"An English Rose."—A pleasant little song. We wait the author's name and address.

"The Stars," by A. T., (Newcastle.)—We like your poem, but you must put it into rhyme. Irregular blank verse is apt to grate upon the ear.

"Carlos," by F. B.—You tell the legend vigorously. If you will condense we can use the production.

"Shakespeare," by J. G.—See answer to F. B.

"Punctuality," by J. A. S.—Not suitable.

"Lady Godiva," by H. H. (Dublin).—Does not rise either to the dignity of the subject or of our pages.

"The Watchman of the World."—Beautiful sentiments and well expressed. Please forward name and address.

"The Conscript" and "Laurie," by H. B.—The two productions which you have submitted to us this time are remarkable for their prosaic expression and careful attention to measure. There is a tinge of poetry in one or two of the lines in the second piece named, but that tinge merely heightens the air of burlesque which both pieces possess.

"The Lover's Lament," by E. T.—We do not doubt that your verses spring from a grieved heart, and we regret that we must tell you that they are only distinguishable from prose by being measured into lines. The feeling would have raised them to the height of average verse had they been versified. As they stand they are deficient of all poetic expression.

"Italy Fair," by A. B. (Plymouth.)—There are a few choice expressions in the verses, but as yet you have not sufficient force of thought to obtain a place.

"Home," by G. S. S. (Wigan.)—Your tale does not contain sufficient plot to support its length.

T. T.—We cannot admit such arguments.

"Nature," by Charles C.—We recently published an effusion giving expression to similar ideas.

"A Ramble," by M. G. (York.)—You have fallen into commonplace. Character sketches are worthless unless they give us fresh insight into human nature.

"A Poet's Thoughts," by Cecil.—Your poet must learn to write verses containing a degree of music, also to curb his fancies into sense; his present thoughts incline to the sublimely ridiculous.

"Bright Eyes," by M. A. M.—Get rid of the self-satisfaction so apparent in your letter. You tell us that you "do not care for anybody's opinion," for you "know the verses to be good." Are we "anybody?"—because, if so, why did you send the verses to us?

"I'm ever, ever thine," by W. S. (Belfast.)—Thanks. A very pretty love-lilt.

"There is a Time," by Marian C.—Not above the average.

"Victoria," by G. F. S.—Rank plagiarism. Have you ever heard of an obscure poem, entitled, "God save the Queen"? Certainly ignorance is bliss.

E. S. LITTLETON.—Thanks for poems. They shall appear in an early number.

**NOTICE.**

In answer to numerous enquiries, the Editor begs to inform the public that he is open to engagements, yearly, half-yearly, or quarterly, to give instruction in the art of poetical composition—both in the correction and criticism of MS., and by letters of advice—privately by post.

## TO OUR READERS.

While the proprietors are happy to receive contributions from unknown writers, they have—to prevent the Magazine sinking to the level of an amateur publication—made arrangements with various authors of note, who will, from time to time, furnish poems, and articles on poems and poetry. The main feature of THE POETS' MAGAZINE is to invite all who possess literary talent to contribute to its pages.

**Original contributions only are acceptable.**

**No Manuscripts can be returned, except by special arrangements.**

In all cases where written answers to letters are desired, a directed envelope and two stamps must be enclosed.

As we have received so many letters asking for criticism on enclosures, and have consequently been obliged to engage a co-editor in order to get through the work, we find it necessary to state that any correspondent *who is not a subscriber* to our Magazine, and desires criticism on MSS., either privately or in print, must enclose twelve stamps with each contribution. In all cases where this rule is complied with, a prompt and candid opinion will be given, and a copy of the current number of the Magazine forwarded post free. Should the matter received be first-rate, we shall, of course, be glad not only to publish but to pay for it.

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